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A
MOTHER'S
LESSONS
ON
KINDNESS
TO
ANIMALS.



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MOTHER'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.



LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. M. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.



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P R E F A C E.

THIS little work is intended to impress the tender minds of the young with kindly feelings towards the dumb creation. It is hoped that the various anecdotes herein recorded, in which the habits, sagacity, and instincts of animals are shewn, may convey to the rising generation some useful lessons, creating a desire to mitigate, and, as far as possible, to remove the sorrows and sufferings of the dumb creation.

It is delightful to see children who desire to prevent unnecessary pain. We must be assured it is acceptable in the sight of our Heavenly Father, who delighteth in mercy. God hath in his mercy given us the animals for our *use*, but not to be *abused*. Whenever we see wanton cruelty inflicted, it is our duty, in obedience to the divine command, to open our "mouth for the dumb," by kindly entreating the perpetrators of it to be kind, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. Habits of cruelty in the young, if not checked in time, are very dangerous, and lead to many other sins. They harden the heart against every right and proper

feeling. Children who are cruel to animals will soon be cruel to their parents, brothers, and sisters ; as every act of cruelty increases the will and the power to repeat it, until it becomes a rooted and settled principle, too often for life, and contributes in no trifling degree to hasten its possessor in the downward path which leads to ruin.

It is pitiable to see the generous and noble horse, and the faithful dog, rewarded, as they too often are, by heavy blows, and that, too, when they are doing their best to serve their cruel masters. The patient, toiling ass, it is believed, generally spends one half of its life under the lash ! The treatment of the poor cattle brought to market for slaughter, is often shocking to narrate. Indeed, we can scarcely mention one animal that escapes the wanton cruelty of man. There is always hope of a child who shews a kind feeling in this matter that he will be a comfort to his parents, but just the contrary with the cruel child.

We feel a grateful sense of the great good which has been effected by the efforts of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We wish the Society "God speed," and desire to see the day when an Auxiliary Society shall be found in every market town.

C. S.

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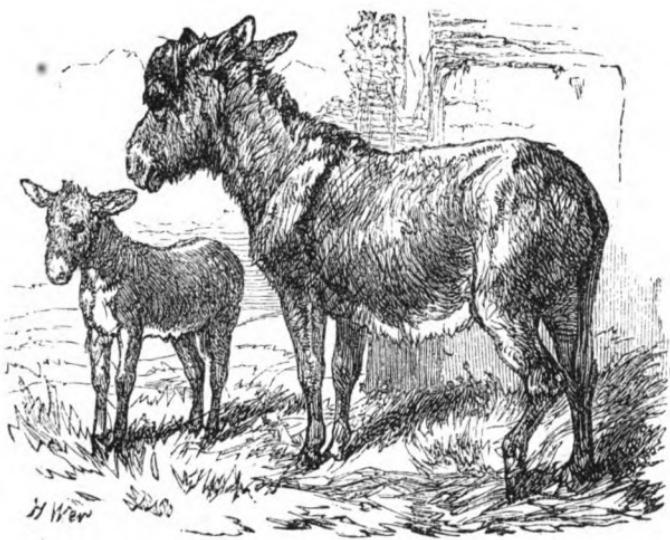
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The Ostend Donkeys,

OR THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

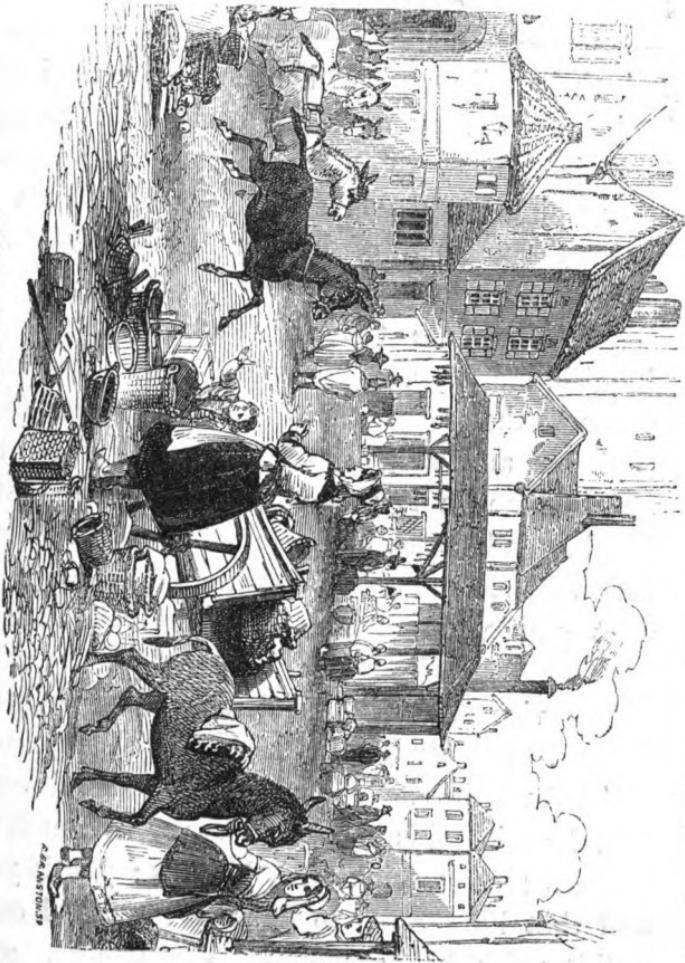
AH ! look at them, for they deserve to be looked at. Fresh and frisky as young colts turned out to grass, they scamper away as if they were about to keep holiday in a fine sunny meadow. But perhaps you have never seen donkeys so

lively as these seem to be, and cannot understand the next picture. Let me explain it to you.

The buildings are intended to represent the market-place of Ostend, a fortified seaport in the Netherlands. The commerce of the place is very considerable. The donkeys at Ostend are very kindly treated by their owners, the market-women. These useful, patient creatures, after they have carried their loads to the market-place, are turned together into a barn, or a large stable, till the market is over.

But how do you think their owners contrive to get them out of the stable again, when they are wanted to have their loads once more put on their backs? Do you think that a man is sent in among them with a long-lashed whip to flog them out, or with a stick that has a spike at the end of it to compel them to quit the place? Neither the one nor the other. Such a course is altogether unnecessary, for no sooner is the stable door open, than off they set of their own accord. Up go their ears, their heels

SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE, OSTEND.



and their tails, and without waiting to look behind them, they make the best of their way to their owners. You see what kindness and early training will do ! and remember that we are not speaking of human beings, but of donkeys.

And these are the animals that men call sluggish, stubborn, and stupid. These are the creatures that thoughtless and cruel boys love to plague, and cudgel, and pelt with stones, to their shame be it spoken. A wild ass is formidable and fierce, but a tame donkey, though somewhat slow it must be granted, is one of the most gentle, quiet, inoffensive animals in the world.

The vice of cruelty renders a young person hateful. Set a "Band of Hope" boy before me, and tell me that he is sharp, shrewd, and clever ; that he minds his book, and never so much as touches strong drink with his lips ; yet if you add that he is cruel to dumb creatures, I care nothing for his sharpness, shrewdness, and

cleverness, his book learning and sobriety, for he is, at best, but a disgrace to himself and to all belonging to him.

However right he seems to play his part,
He must be wrong who has a harden'd heart.

Cruelty, crime, and ignorance are often found together; truly, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

I called the other day on a cruel man, whose cat had just jumped from the pantry shelf, with a bone in her mouth, and she looked hungry enough to eat the dish as well as the bone. The dog, too, almost as thin as a weasel, did his best to get hold of the bone, but his master sent him off howling, with a kick on the ribs.

I sometimes pay a visit at a pretty cottage, whose inmates hold cruelty to animals in abhorrence. Their dog and cat are both treated with great kindness—the one I call *fat back*, and the other *sleeky sides*. Oh how I love to see dumb animals treated tenderly! Oh, how I

hate the inhumanities of the dog-fighting, cat-worrying, donkey-beating crew !

But think not because I thus speak, that I hate every boy and girl who acts cruelly, for this is not the case. There are some, nay, many, who act cruelly through thoughtlessness, and who, if they were once made aware of the meanness, the cowardice, and the sinfulness of tormenting a creature, merely because he is not so well off as others, and because he is not able to protect himself from ill-usage, would be ready to hide their faces, and renounce cruelty for ever. Had I one of these thoughtless ones now before me, I would say to him :—

“ My little friend”—yes, friend, for I would not cast him off because he had hitherto been somewhat thoughtless—“ my little friend, think for a moment if it had pleased God to give you less strength, less courage, and less intellect than other young people, should you not think it hard if on this account you were to be ill-used, persecuted, and tormented ? I know you

would, therefore from this very moment put in practice that scriptural rule of uprightness, which requires us to do as we would be done by."

Again I say, look at the donkeys in the picture, for they deserve to be looked at. Heels, heads, and tails, there they go, fresh and frisky, lively and light-hearted. I would not give a walnut, no, nor a walnut-shell, for that man, woman, or child, who could have no pleasure in making a donkey happy.

A Few Words for the Dumb Creation.

If you keep animals, do not neglect them, for they are dumb and helpless, feel pain and illness, and enjoy good treatment as much as you do: they add greatly to our comfort—we could not do without them; and to be cruel is *unjust, cowardly, and unwise*, for what good does it do? How often they are blamed when not in fault!—Why lash your horse because he stumbles? he would not purposely fall; perhaps he is tired

or his legs are weak ; relieve him all in your power, especially up hill. Do not let the harness gall him—give him convenient shelter and make him comfortable : he would thank you if he could. Be careful of your dogs, and discourage in every way their being used as beasts of burden, and let them always have free access to clean water. Horses and donkeys should also have frequent opportunities of quenching their thirst.

Cruelty constitutes the greatest moral distance at which an intelligent creature can be removed from a God of forbearance and mercy.

“ We ought never to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.”

DR. BLAIR.



A Petition which ought to be answered.

“WE, who have to carry, or protect, the property of our masters, humbly ask for a drink of water. During the hot summer months, we frequently suffer *great pain* from the want of this. Troughs fixed up in suitable places, with a good supply of water, either from the pumps or the water-works, would help us in many a weary journey. Kind words and kind actions are never lost upon us. Gladden our spirits, then, *with a drink of cold water!*

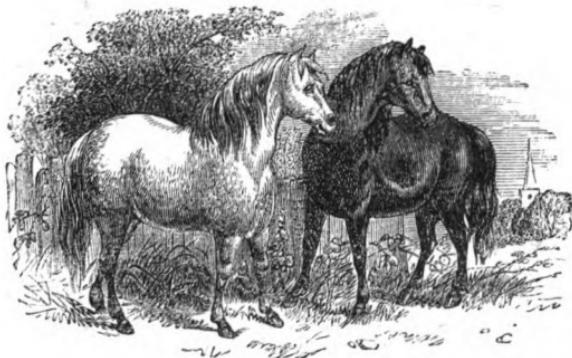
THOUSANDS OF HORSES, DONKEYS, AND DOGS.

A Plea for the Horse.

“ A RIGHTEOUS MAN REGARDETH THE LIFE OF HIS BEAST.”

AT the Meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in August 1857, Mr. Charles Bianconi, of Cashel, read a paper relative to his extensive car establishment, after which a gentleman stated that at Pickford's, the great English carriers, they could not work a horse economically more than ten miles a-day, and wished to hear Mr. Bianconi's opinion on the subject. Mr. Bianconi stated, he found, by experience, he could *better* work a horse eight miles a-day for *six* days in the week, than six miles a-day for *seven* days in the week. By not working on a Sunday, he effected a *saving of twelve per cent.* This statement elicited loud applause.

Mr. Bianconi's opinion on this point is of the



“Horses have a *right* to their Sunday.”

Speech of a Cabman.

highest authority; for although the extension of railways in the land has thrown thirty-seven of his vehicles out of employ, which daily ran 2446 miles, still he has over nine hundred horses, working sixty-seven conveyances, which daily travel 4244 miles: it is also founded on the result of forty-three years' experience.

Thus it appears that, if men will only act from selfish motives, “in keeping God's commandments there is an exceeding great reward.”

A Cruel Reaper Punished.

IN several parts of North Wales, the labouring classes are in the habit of going down to Shropshire, and other counties of England, to do the harvesting work, and afterwards returning home, in time for reaping in their own neighbourhood.

It was in one of these excursions, that a young man, who had given himself up to intemperance, was returning home in a drunken frolic. He espied a poor donkey feeding on the roadside ; he advanced towards it, and with his reaping-hook struck it across the spine, and left the poor thing in agonies to die.

Was he unpunished ? No.

Soon after this deed of cruelty, whilst at work blasting stones, a premature explosion took place, from the effects of which he was obliged to have his arm cut off. He also lost his sight, and spent the remainder of his days in the Union workhouse.

Surely, even in this world, the “wicked shall not go unpunished.”



On Cruelty to Animals.

A MAN of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind :
Remember, HE who made THEE made the brute ;
Who gave THEE speech and reason, form'd him mute.
He can't complain ; but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty—He hears his cry.
He was design'd thy servant, not thy drudge :
And know—that HIS Creator is thy Judge !

The Strength of a Kind Word.

SOME people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loudly, swear, and storm, though after all they are often only laughed at ; their orders are not attended to, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is *a kind word* ! It will do what the harsh word, or even a blow, cannot do ; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak *a kind word* to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wanted him. The man was in an ill-temper, and cruelly beat the horse ; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go the right way. Another man who was with the cart went up

to the horse and *patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name.* The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, “I will do any thing for you, because you are *kind* to me,” and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as if the load was only a plaything. *O how strong is a kind word!*

Boy helping a Horse.

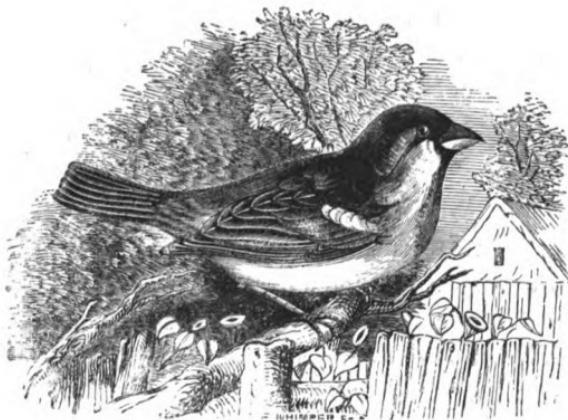
“MAMMA, I’ve been helping a horse to pull a load of coals up the hill,” merrily shouted a little happy-looking boy, one cold frosty morning.

“The hill was very slippery, mamma, with frost and snow, and I felt so sad to see the poor horse struggling to get up. I remembered that last winter papa had some ashes strewn on the road, so I got some in my wheelbarrow, and, with my spade, spread them up the hill. The man then said, ‘Gee up, my good horse !’ and he was soon at the top of the hill. Then



mamma, the man said, ‘Thank you, my little man, you have helped my horse to pull this load of coals up the hill.’ I feel so happy, mamma.”

“ You have done a good action, my dear child,” replied the kind parent, “ one that is not only pleasing to me, but also to your heavenly Father. Never omit to shew **KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.**”



Don't Kill the Birds.

Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds
That sing about the door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds—how sweet they sing,
O let them joyous live ;
And never seek to take that life
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds—the little birds
That play among the trees ;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds—how fond they play—
Do not disturb their sport,
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds—the happy birds
That bless the fields and grove ;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds—the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see ;
No spot can be a cheerless place,
Where'er their presence be.

A Boy Reproved by a Bird.

WHEN quite young in my boyish days, I had watched some sparrows carrying materials to build their nests, in the usual season, under the eaves of a cottage adjoining our own ; and al-



though strict orders had been given that none of us should climb up to the roofs of the houses, yet birds' eggs formed a temptation too powerful to be easily resisted, and our own gratification was considered rather than obedience. A favourable opportunity presenting itself, the roof of the house was ascended, and not only was the nest robbed, but seized and carried away. It was soon stripped of all that was unnecessary on the outside, that it might appear as neat as possible. Among the externals thus removed was a piece

of paper, which had been a leaf of one of Dr. Watts's hymn-books, and which, thrown away, had been picked up by the poor bird for strengthening the nest, or increasing its warmth. A word or two caught my eye, and I unfolded the paper. Need I say that, boy as I was, I read those verses with, to say the least, curious feelings :

“ Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will ?

Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder, nor to steal.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine ;

Lest I take what is not given,
Guard my hands and heart from sin.”

Had the little bird been able to read and reason, it could not have selected a text more appropriate for reproof and instruction than this. It shows that when we do wrong, God sees us, and can send reproof, even by means of a bird. I have not forgotten the lesson pre-

sented to me by the leaf of paper which had been fixed to the nest of a poor sparrow.



Birds and their Nests.

WHEN April, merry April, again comes round,
no busy labourers of the month will be more
active than the pretty little birds.

The male birds will select their partners, and



the happy creatures will fly off in pairs searching for places in which to build their nice snug nests.

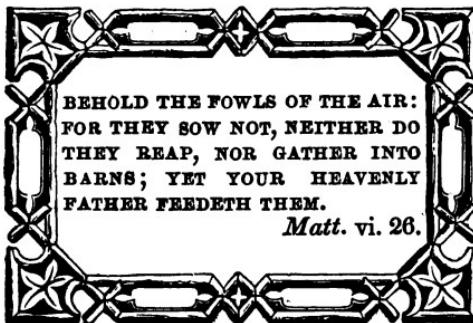
Although the birds have no hands to work with, yet they manage to build their warm

houses in the most beautiful manner such as no human being can equal.

The hen birds will soon be laying their eggs, and will then carefully sit upon them until they are hatched and the young birds break through the shells.

Who taught the birds to do all this ? It was God ! He who made this beautiful world, sent the pretty birds to sing his praises, and gladden the earth with their sweet warblings.

I hope that none of my young readers will be so cruel as to rob a bird's nest for sport.



“The Horse had Three Fits, Sir.”

Those who injure their horses rob themselves.

THE late Mr. Vallance, an independent old gentleman in Hull, took a deep interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals. He had many parties before the magistrates, and his presence is said to have had a magic influence upon the hard-hearted drivers. None of them will dare to be cruel when he is in sight. We wish there was a Mr. Vallance in every town in the land. But perhaps our readers will already be wondering what this kind friend of dumb animals has to do with the odd title at the head of our chapter. We will now explain it. We are told by a friend, that some years ago Mr. Vallance had a poor dog that was in the dis temper, and had fits, of which it died. The servant boy stood by. He had never seen a dog in fits before.



Not long after this, Mr. Vallance was looking at every vehicle that passed, when he espied a poor half-starved horse, vainly endeavouring to drag along the heavy cart-load to which it was attached. The driver was remonstrated with, but he said that the horse was "done for," it would soon die. The man was very willing to sell the horse for five pounds—it was four years old, and fifteen hands high ; and in the hope of

lengthening out its days a little, and of preventing its being any longer forced by the whip to drag along its weighty burden, Mr. Vallance bought it. The horse was speedily unharnessed, and was led away to its new owner's premises. Poor thing ! it was so weak that it could only walk very slowly, and when it got to the stable it fell down, it had not strength to stand any longer. Mr. Vallance ordered some corn to be brought, and given to the poor horse ; but the groom said, “it was no use, it would be dead in five minutes.” Mr. Vallance replied, “Never mind, bring some.” Some corn was now brought, in a shallow basket ; and if you had seen it put its mouth into the basket, as it lay, being unable to hold up its head, you would have said, “Oh, how thankful it seems !” The corn was now placed a few inches out of its reach, in order to tempt the horse to stand up. Poor thing ! it could not do this. It tried several times to rise, but it always fell down again. Some men came to help, and they lifted the horse up and kept it

from falling. Some oatmeal and water was given to it, and whenever it was patted on the neck, it looked up and seemed to say, “Thank you.” In a few days the horse was able to move about in the stable, and very soon he did not look like the same creature. If his old owner, who had half-starved him, had passed by, he would not have known him. He now began to prick his ears, and look cheerful when his master came near him. It was not long before Mr. Vallance sent his servant lad to turn the horse out into a field. He was not accustomed to horses, but he was very attentive to his master’s wishes. When turned loose into the field, the horse seemed to be reminded of its younger days. No sooner was it free from the halter than off it ran—down it went—up rose its legs—now rolling on its right side, then on its left. It was so pleased, that it did this three times. It was telling, as well as it could, its joy! The lad stood alarmed. He remembered the poor dog, and away he went, as fast as he could, and

exclaimed to his master, “ *The horse has had three fits, sir !* ”

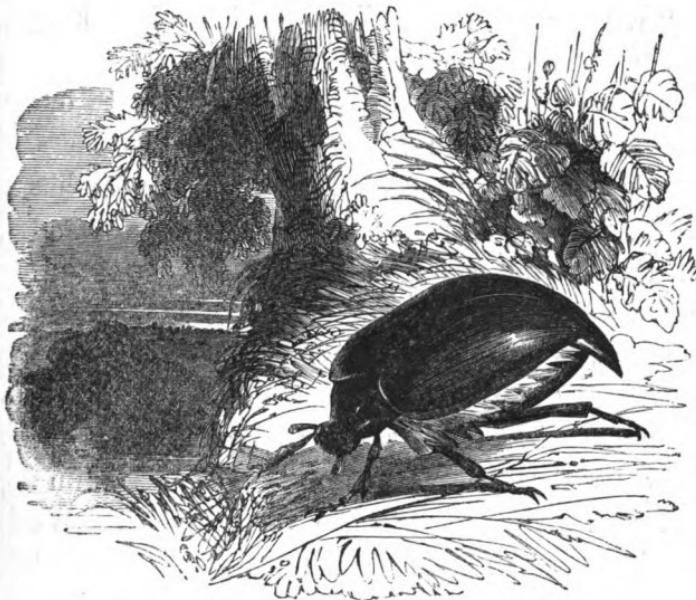
The “ fits ” happily continued—the horse daily improved, and was pronounced by a competent judge as likely to be in the ensuing Spring worth not less than THIRTY POUNDS ! Do not those who ill-treat and starve their horses *rob themselves ?*

An Odd Thought; or, Never be Cruel.

EDMUND ANDREWS was well known as a *cruel* boy. Cockchafers, butterflies, and birds, frogs and toads, dogs and cats, had all been ill-used by him in their turn ; and many a reproof had he received for his cruelty.

As Edmund was passing by Burlton’s barn, he saw Wilkinson, the old shepherd, with his pitch-kettle and iron, marking the sheep, which had been lately shorn, with the letters J. B., for John Burlton.

“ So you are putting your master’s mark on



COCKCHAFER.

the sheep, are you ?" said Edmund, as he walked up to the shepherd.

"I am, Master Edmund," replied Wilkinson ; "but their Almighty Maker has put his mark upon them before."

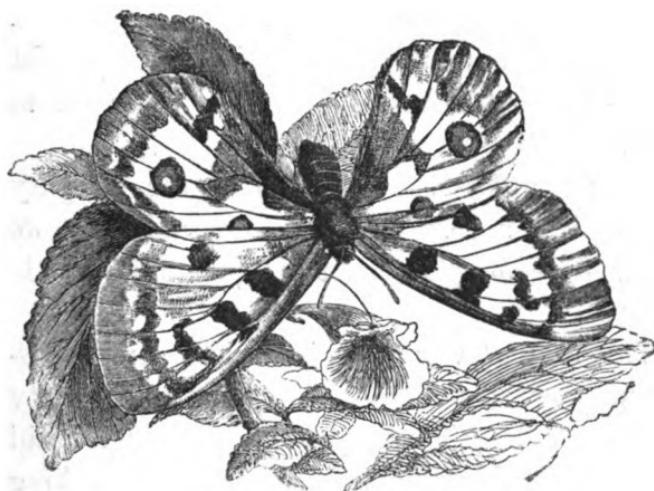
“ What do you mean,” said Edmund, looking at the shepherd inquiringly.

“ I mean,” replied Wilkinson, “ that our heavenly Father, in his wisdom and goodness, has put his marks upon all the creatures he has made, and such marks as none but he could put on them : he has given brown wings to the cockchafer, spots to the butterfly, feathers to the bird, a sparkling eye to the frog and toad, a swift foot to the dog, and a soft furry skin to the cat. These marks are *his marks*, and they show us that these creatures belong to him ; and woe be to those who abuse them. We should never be cruel to *any* of them.”

“ That is an *odd* thought,” said Edmund, as he began to walk away from the spot.

“ It may be an odd thought,” replied the shepherd, “ but when odd thoughts lead us to glorify God, and to act *kindly* to his creatures, the more we have, Master Edmund, the better.”

—*Child's Companion.*



"Do let it Fly."

Not long ago, we saw a little "Band of Hope" boy, six years of age, walking out with his governess, when he espied a big boy on the opposite side of the road, holding a pretty little butterfly by its beautiful wings.

The boy had just caught the butterfly, by throwing his cap at it, as it was merrily flying

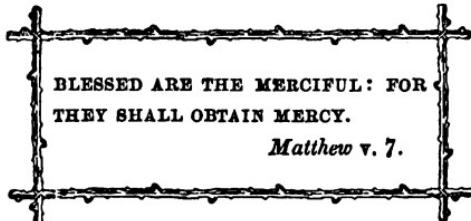
about. Poor little thing ! it was now a prisoner in the hands of this cruel boy.

The little Band of Hope boy had been taught by his teacher that it is wicked to be cruel to any of God's creatures.

He ran across the road, up to the naughty boy, and, in a very kind manner, said, “Oh, *do* let it fly—*do*, please, let it fly—pretty little thing !”

This request was made in such a very pleasing manner, that the boy at once let the pretty creature fly. “Thank you ! thank you !” said the little pleader, clapping his hands, and looking up so happy, as the butterfly waved its delicate wings and flew off to the nearest flower-garden.

We trust that all our little readers will strive to *prevent* cruelty of every kind.



BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL: FOR
THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.

Matthew v. 7.



The Duke and the School-Boy.

SOME time ago the Duke of Wellington was taking one of his country walks, when he heard a sound of distress.

He found a rosy-faced boy on the ground, bending over a tame toad. He was crying, as though his little heart would break.

“What is the matter, my boy?” said the Duke.

“Please, sir, my poor toad—I bring it something to eat every morning—but I am going a long way off to school now—nobody will feed it then, and I’m afraid it will die—sir.”

“Don’t cry, my lad. *I’ll* have the toad well fed, and you shall know how it goes on,” replied the great General.

The noble-hearted Duke was as good as his word, for more than one letter was sent to the school, commencing “Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington,” &c., &c., and adding that the toad was alive and well.

Right Served.

A MISCHIEVOUS boy was lately passing the Regent’s Canal, City Road, London, when he caught up a pretty little curly dog, that was



quietly walking along. He ran down the bank-side for the purpose of throwing the dog into the water, and amusing himself by preventing the poor little creature getting to the shore. The bank, however, was rather steep, which made him run faster than he intended, and when he got to the bottom he *could not stop himself*, but went tumbling into the Canal after the dog.

Had it not been for a man who ran to help

him out, he would probably have been drowned. As it was, he got covered with mud and dirt, and his clothes were wet through. He was indeed a laughable sight. "Right served!" "Right served!" my boy, thought I; "may *all* boys who are cruel to animals be similarly rewarded."

~~~~~

### The Shot Monkey.

A RELATION of mine, always better satisfied at succeeding in his aim, than in the result of his shot, when travelling in the East brought down a monkey from a high tree. The poor creature, mortally wounded, was able to catch at the branches as it fell; and having so reached the ground, he was shocked to see it, as large as a fine child.

He put away his gun and hastened to it. The monkey, placing its hand on the wound, looked into his face, with an expression that seemed to imply, "*What have I ever done to you, that you should kill me?*"



He took it in his arms, and tried to stop the bleeding, while the poor creature, growing weaker, yielded itself to the comfort that he gave,

“ And the big round tears  
Chased one another down his innocent nose,  
In piteous course.”

Still there was the expression of reproach, heightened by the misery of poor —, who, in the distraction of his mind, felt at that moment, as if he would have given all he had for the recovery of his victim. He then took it gently to a pool, to put a period to the protracted sufferings of nearly an hour, and exerted his resolution by immersing it in the water.

Holding it during the brief struggle, he turned from the sight ; but when all was still, and he ventured to look, there were the monkey’s eyes wide open, under the water, with the same sad reproachful expression, and fixed upon his. From that day he never used his gun.—*From Lane’s “Life at the Water Cure, &c.”*



### The old Coach Horse.

HAD I a coach horse, would I let him toil  
When old and feeble, sharing the turmoil  
Of servitude with steeds of greater might,  
Then drive a bargain, selling him outright  
To some hard jobber, when his strength was o'er,  
That he might work him harder than before ?  
I might, for selfishness is ever strong,  
But if I did, the deed were doubtless wrong.  
Much rather would I give him, if I could,  
A peaceful paddock underneath the wood ;

Where he might shelter find amid the blast,  
And live in quietude, and at the last  
Lay down his weary bones when strength should cease,  
On the soft, grassy turf, and die in peace.

The desert's denizen, the Arab wild,  
Loves well his steed, and treats him like a child,  
Shares with his generous beast his scanty hoard,  
And makes him partner of his bed and board.

The grateful steed this tenderness repays,  
By useful services, and winning ways ;  
And bears his master, of his burden vain,  
Like winged lightning, o'er the sandy plain.

If such the kindness of the Arab's heart,  
Blush, Christian ! bid thy cruelty depart !  
Blush crimson red, and act a kinder part.

G. MOGRIDGE.

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### Drowning the Squirrel.

WHEN I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground squirrel ran into its hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was



a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbours, a good old man,

with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters: "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'" He said, "I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this, and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since. Now you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want all the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind ; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting their food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly Father made them, and He never intended them to be killed for fun. I don't think, when the blessed Jesus was a little boy He would have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as much like Jesus as he can. The Bible says, "Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy."

J. C

### Thoughtless Cruelty.

IT was a beautiful calm evening, the loveliest of the autumnal season, when, after the toils and cares of the day, I set out to refresh my body and mind, by inhaling the gentle breeze. The sun was declining ; the feathered tribes seemed to be responding to each other in pouring out their hymns of gratitude to their beneficent Creator, and the flocks were following the tinkling bell of their leader to the fold. Presently I saw a man at some little distance, who appeared to be agitated by passion, and was lifting and throwing with force stone after stone, at some object beneath him. This made me approach him and inquire what was the matter. "Oh, sir," said he, "a great nasty toad ;" and down went another stone, with vehemence. "And pray," said I, "why do you kill that poor creature ; has it done you any harm ?" "Why," said he, "they don't do no good, do they ?" "My friend," said I, "supposing they do no



good, is that any reason why you should put it to death? only consider, if every thing were to be destroyed which does no good, what would become of you and me, for verily I think we could give but a poor account why we should be spared; and yet the Almighty, who sees our actions, and who knows the wickedness of our hearts, does not destroy us; but these poor animals are more harmless than we, and not only do no hurt, but do a great deal of good, in feeding on, and destroying quantities of snails,

and other insects, which would destroy our vegetables : for my own part, I am glad to see, and preserve them in my garden, observing as I do how much benefit they do me." "Well," said the man, throwing away the stone, which he had ready for another fling, "then let him live, but I didn't know they did any good." "Nay, my friend," I replied, "your leaving the poor crippled animal to die a lingering death would now be more cruel than killing it outright ; don't you see that you have broken every bone in its body, and so covered it with stones that it is impossible for it to get away, and it may have to suffer for many days ? the most merciful thing now is to put it out of its misery ; but let me entreat you never again to put to death or torment any of God's creatures, which in His wisdom He has made, unless you have good and sufficient reasons for so doing." This incident so much discomposed my feelings, as to spoil the pleasure of my walk. It made me quite unhappy, to think how careless people are about

the poor animals which God has put under their care, and made for their good.

Let our young readers reflect, that *we have no right to injure or take the life of any of God's creatures, unless for necessary food, or for our own preservation from injury*; it is an act of brutal wickedness to torture even an insect.

"In wisdom hath He made them all," and pronounced them *good*.—*Children's Friend*.

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### The Drovers and their Sheep.

Two neighbours in the State of New York, each with a drove of sheep, started on the same day for a distant market. One started several hours before the other, and travelled uniformly every day. The other rested every Sabbath. Yet he arrived at the market first, with his flock in a better condition than that of the other. In giving an account of it, he said that he drove his sheep on Monday about seventeen miles, on Tuesday not over sixteen, and so lessening each

day, till on Saturday he drove them only about eleven miles. But on Monday, after resting on the Sabbath, they would travel again seventeen miles, and so on each week. But his neighbour's sheep, which were not allowed to rest on the Sabbath, before they arrived at the market, could not travel without injury more than six or eight miles in a day.

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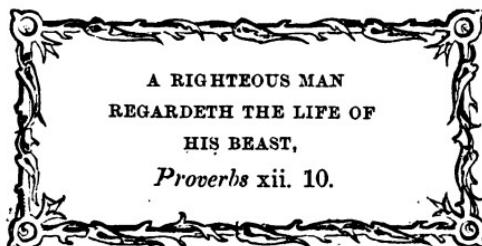
### Affection of the Goldfinch.

WE could record many interesting anecdotes of the affection of the Goldfinch ; how often we have had him sitting on our finger, raised close to our cheek ; his little sides pressed out to come into closer contact with us, and his bill affectionately saluting us as he took from our mouth his much-loved hemp-seed. Then his song the while,—how endearing, how sweet ; how expressive ! There has been but one feeling between us. The same with the Linnet.

**Be Kind.**

LITTLE Robert was a playful, intelligent boy.  
He did nothing by halves. If he studied, he

did it with all his might, and was sure to be at the head of his class. If he played, it was in right good earnest. Yet he was gentle and affectionate. He had a famous dog, who shared all his sports, and seemed as happy in them as his master, Lion, for that was his name, would take Robert's dinner-basket in his mouth, and carry it carefully and safely ; and he would defend his master from rude boys, as if he were his guardian. This boy grew up to be a man, and became a minister of the gospel. He was never known to do a cruel action to a brute creature. He has often been heard to say that he *could not trust a boy who was unkind to animals.* God made them for our service ; not for cruel sport.





**The Poor Little Kitten.**

Mew, mew, mew,  
With a faint and gasping cry,

Was all poor pussy could do,  
As she laid her down to die.

Her eyes are glazed and dim,  
Her coat has a half-drown'd look ;  
A cruel boy said she could swim,  
And threw her into the brook.

She was so gentle and gay,  
So pretty and graceful her ways ;  
'Twas pleasant to watch her at play,  
With her happy and innocent face.

She'd run round and round at her tail,  
Or dart about after a ball ;  
Or spring at the shadows that fell  
In the sunshine upon the old wall.

I've seen her run after a leaf,  
As it fell from the Sycamore tree ;  
Poor kitty, thy day was as brief  
As the leaves of the forest could be.

This morning so bright and so gay,  
But silent in death before night ;  
Never more to awaken to play,  
And frisk in the house with delight.

Naughty lad ! was the life that you took  
Your gift, that 'twas yours to destroy ?  
If you were thrown into the brook  
And frighten'd, you'd think, cruel boy,  
How wicked it was thus to do ;  
Yet you've killed a poor cat, just for play,  
Who never offence gave to you ;  
I hope you'll be sorry one day !  
Let us lay our poor puss in the grave,  
And place a light sod on her breast ;  
Here surely at least she may have  
A retreat both of safety and rest.  
Poor pussy ! no more shall I see  
Thy bright little innocent eyes,  
With mischevious glance fix'd on me,  
Or staring with pretty surprise.

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I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm,  
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,  
But pussy and I very gently will play.  
She'll sit by my side, and I'll give her some food,  
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.



### The Bird's Petition.

Oh, stay your hand, my little boy,  
And do not rob my nest;  
Why should you, for a moment's joy,  
My happy brood molest.

My little ones, my hope and pride,  
    Have not yet learn'd to fly ;  
And if you take them from my side,  
    They soon will pine and die.

Think, gentle boy, what you would feel,  
    And your dear mother too,  
If to your bed some thief should steal,  
    And hurry off with you ?

Oh, do not, do not climb the tree,  
    To spoil our nest so warm,  
For you indeed must cruel be  
    If you would do us harm.

Return, then, to your happy home,  
    And be it happy long ;  
And to your window I will come,  
    And thank you with a song.     S. W. P.

**Remember the Birds.**—COLD wintry days will soon be here—the snow and ice will make it hard work for the poor little birds to pick up a scanty meal. Will our young readers gather up the crumbs from the breakfast-table every morning, and throw them out for the birds ?

### Lesson taught by a Bantam Cock.

MR. JOSHUA MURRAY, colporteur, of Rashyhill Close, Falkirk, recently related the following interesting fact—

"A few mornings ago I was considering which books I should take out for the day, when my attention was arrested by a flock of sparrows flying about the opposite house in a very strange manner. I was curious to find out the cause, and, on opening the window, the mystery was explained. I was sorry to see that one of the young birds had fallen from its little warm nest which had been built under the tiles of the house. There the poor little thing lay on the ground, unable to fly, and the older birds unable to lift it up. A fine bantam cock, which appeared to understand what was wanted, walked forward, and very cautiously took up the poor little sparrow in its beak. He then mounted an empty cart, from which he flew upon the tiles, and, stretching his neck



out over the edge of the tiles, placed his charge safely in its warm comfortable nest again. In doing so, however, the noble bird overbalanced itself and fell down to the ground. He appeared frightened, but not much hurt. After pluming his feathers for a short time he began to strut about and crow, seemingly quite proud of his achievement. May not our readers learn a lesson from the pretty bantam? We think that both old and young will do well to remember it, as it teaches us to 'Help one another!'"—*From the "Children's Friend."*

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### The Lost Nestlings.

"HAVE you seen my darling nestlings?"  
A mother robin cried,

"I cannot, cannot find them,  
Though I've sought them far and wide.

"I left them well this morning,  
When I went to seek them food ;  
But I found upon returning,  
I'd a nest without a brood.

“ O have you nought to tell me,  
That will ease my aching breast,  
About my tender offspring  
That I left within the nest ?

“ I have called them in the bushes,  
And the rolling stream beside,  
Yet they came not at my bidding ;  
I’m afraid they all have died.”

“ I can tell you all about them,”  
Said a little wanton boy ;  
“ For ’twas I that thought it pleasure  
Your nestlings to destroy.

“ But I did not think their mother  
Her little ones would miss,  
Or ever come to hail me  
With a wailing sound like this.

“ I did not know your bosom  
Was formed to suffer woe,  
And to mourn your murdered children,  
Or I had not grieved you so.

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“ I’m sorry I have taken  
The lives I can’t restore ;  
And this regret shall teach me  
To do the thing no more.

“ I ever shall remember  
The plaintive sounds I’ve heard,  
Nor kill another nestling  
To pain a mother bird.”

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### “The Darling”

PROFESSOR YOUATT, of the Royal Veterinary College, gives the following interesting fact in one of his valuable works :—

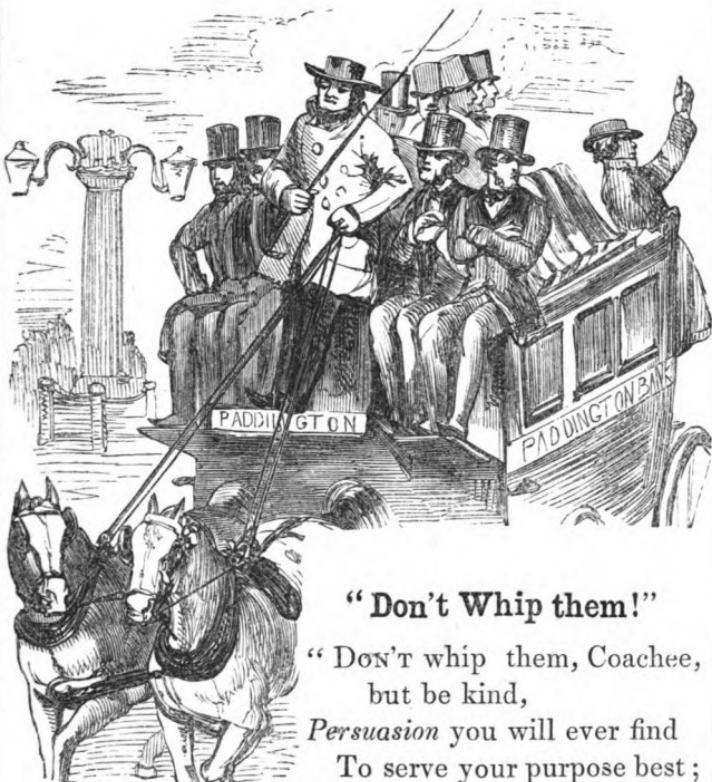
“ A horse in the dépôt at Woolwich had proved so unmanageable to the rough-riders, that at length no one among them durst even mount him. His mode of throwing or dismounting his rider, consisted in lying down and rolling over him, or else crushing his leg against some wall, or post, or paling. All means to break him of these perilous tricks proving unavailing, the animal was brought



before the commanding officer with the character of being “*incurably vicious*,” and with a recommendation on that account, that he should be sold out of his Majesty’s Service.

Colonel Quest, hearing of this, and knowing the horse to be thorough-bred, and one of the best actioned and cleverest horses in the regiment, besought the commanding officer to permit him to be transferred into the riding troops. This was consented to, and the transfer was

no sooner accomplished than Colonel Quest determined to pursue a system of management directly opposite to that which had been already attempted. He had him led daily into the riding school, suffered no whips even to be shewn to him while there, but petted him, and tried to make him execute this and the other little manœuvre, and as often as he proved obedient rewarded him with a handful of corn, or beans, or a piece of bread, with which bribes his pockets were invariably well supplied. In this manner, and in no great distance of time, was the rebel not only subdued and tamed, but rendered so perfectly quiet that a little child could ride him. He became, at length, taught to kneel down while his rider mounted, and to perform several evolutions, and dances, and tricks in the *menage*, which no other horse in the school could be brought to do. In fine, so great a favourite did he become, that his master gave him the appellation of “THE DARLING.”



"Don't Whip them!"

"Don't whip them, Coachee,  
but be kind,  
*Persuasion* you will ever find  
To serve your purpose best;

Yes, yes, even brutes, as well as men,  
Will use their best exertions when  
They feel themselves caress'd.

Poor creatures—see, they turn their ears,  
And listen to the voice that *cheers*,  
While glad they speed their way ;  
They seem to say, “ Do spare the thong,  
And we, caress’d, will trot along,  
Until you bid us stay.

Though dumb, we know and *feel* withal,  
And God, who makes the sparrow fall,  
Will not our wrongs despise ;  
And wist ye not that life is such,  
A worm, when crushed, will feel as much  
As when a giant dies.”

R. G. IBBETT.

EVERY BEAST OF THE  
FOREST IS MINE,  
AND THE CATTLE UPON A  
THOUSAND HILLS.

*Ps. L. 50.*



### Little "Tiny."

LITTLE "TINY" is a clever little dog which we had the pleasure of seeing when in the North of England, a few months ago. He justly deserves

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to be a great favourite with his young mistress. Tiny sleeps in a little box in a passage leading from the hall to the garden lawn. Sometime ago, the family were retiring to rest, when Tiny began to bark very much. Although usually a very obedient dog, yet on this occasion he barked more and more. Anxious to find out the cause, some one came down stairs into the passage. Tiny ran barking to the door leading into the garden, when it was found that the servant had forgotten to fasten the shutter ! On the door being properly fastened, Tiny went off to his bed as quiet as a lamb ! On subsequent occasions, Tiny has given due warning of the house not being properly secured against thieves.



### **Shoe-black and Dog.**

We were much pleased some time ago, to see one of the London shoe-blacks sharing a portion of



his humble dinner with a little dog. On inquiring, "Is that *your* dog, my boy?" the generous-hearted lad replied, "No, sir, I don't know whose dog it is, but he comes to me every day at dinner-time, and is sure to find me out, *for he knows ALL the shoe-black stations, sir!*"



### The Gamekeeper's Dog.

A VERY interesting account has been sent us of a gamekeeper's dog, that has been so well trained that he can be sent from a distant part of an extensive park to the gamekeeper's house, for almost any article that his master requires. A gentleman, who doubted the fact, stayed in the keeper's house one day to watch the dog, who was to be sent a distance of about four miles for his master's "*shot-belt No. 1.*" When the dog arrived at the house, he began to bark so as to gain the attention of his mistress. On being admitted he looked up at the various articles on the wall, as much as to say, "My master has sent me for one of his belts!" There were several belts hung in a row on the wall, and the keeper's wife took down No. 4; but the dog refused to take it! All the others, except No. 1, were handed down, but the sagacious creature would not touch one of them! The moment, however, "No 1" was handed down, the noble

animal eagerly seized it, and off he scampered as fast as his legs would carry him, and soon laid the required belt at his master's feet. What a power there is in kindness, and how much more service even dogs may render to man, if well treated and carefully trained!

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**" You Mus'see Whip Him !**

We have been much pleased to learn the following fact from a mother, who has more than once thanked us for the contents of our little paper. She states, that she recently took her little girl, about three years of age, for a treat to Epping Forest, and, as a reward for good conduct, gave her a ride on a donkey. No sooner was the child on the saddle, than the driver gave the patient ass a thrust with his stick, which made the poor creature shrink. The little child seemed immediately to suspect what had been done. Raising her hand, and looking seriously



at the driver, she said, " You mus'see hurt him —me wont let 'u whip him !" The child refused to let the donkey be whipped whilst she was on its back ! If all our readers will thus act, and do what they *can* to PREVENT cruelty to animals, they may lessen the sufferings of the dumb creation not a little.



### A Happy Family.

“BIRDS, in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight.”

DR. WATTS.

“BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!”—PSALM  
cxxxi. 1.

### “Bill,” the Fire-Escape Dog.

THERE is a noble band of heroic men in London, who have charge of the Fire-Escapes. Samuel Wood, one of the bravest of these brave men, has saved nearly one hundred men, women, and children from the flames! Much of Wood’s success, however, is justly due to his wonderful little dog “Bill,” around whose neck the parishioners of Whitechapel have placed a silver collar, in token of his valuable services during the nine years that he has filled the important post of “Fire-escape Dog.”

“Bill,” like his master, has to be very wakeful, and at his post of duty during the whole of the *night*, and therefore he sleeps, during the *day*, close to his master’s bed. He never attempts to run out of doors until the hour approaches for them to go to the “station.” Bill does not allow his master to sleep too long. He is sure to wake him if he is likely to be late! How the dog knows the *time* is a puzzle, but



"BILLY," THE FIRE-ESCAPE DOG.

know it he does. When the Fire-escape is wheeled out of the Whitechapel churchyard, at nine o'clock, Bill is promptly at his post. When an alarm of fire is heard, Bill, who is at other times very quiet, now begins to bark most furiously. Wood has no occasion to sound his rattle, for the policemen all around know Bill's bark so well, that they at once come up to render their valuable help. If the alarm of fire takes place when but few people are in the streets, Bill runs round to the coffee-houses near, and, pushing open the doors, gives his well-known bark, as much as to say, “Come and help, men! come and help.” Bill has not to bark in vain. His call is cheerfully obeyed.

In dark nights the lantern has to be lit, when Bill at once seizes hold of it, and like a “herald,” runs on before his master. When the ladder is erected, Bill is at the top before his active master has reached half-way! He jumps into the rooms, and, amid thick smoke

and the approaching flames, runs from room to room, helping his master to find and bring out the poor inmates.

On one occasion, the fire burned so rapidly, and the smoke in the room became so dense, that Wood and another man were unable to find their way out. They feared that escape was now hopeless. Bill seemed at once to comprehend the danger in which his kind master was placed, and the faithful creature began to bark. Half suffocated, Wood and his comrade, knowing this to be the signal “*Follow me,*” at once crawled after Bill, and in a few moments they were providentially led to the window, and their lives were saved.

On another occasion, a poor little kitten was found on the stairs of a house that was on fire. Bill immediately drove the kitten down from stair to stair, until it reached the door, and was there tenderly taken up and cared for by a kind-hearted policeman.

Richly does Bill deserve his silver collar. It bears this inscription :—

“ I am the Fire-escape-man’s dog—my name is BILL,  
When ‘fire’ is called, I am never still.  
I bark for my master, all danger I brave,  
To bring the ‘Escape,’ human life to save.”

Poor Bill, like human beings, has had his trials and sufferings, as well as honours. At one fire, through a hole burnt in the floor, he fell down into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully, and narrowly escaped a painful death. On three other occasions, he had the misfortune to be run over ; but with careful doctoring he was soon able to resume his duties. When we last patted Bill on the head, he was suffering from a cough which has never left him since his last accident.

We fear, therefore, that poor Bill will not have many more years of active life, but he will long have an honoured place in the records of the “Royal Society for the Preservation

of Life from Fire." This Society merits the support of every resident in the Metropolis. Sampson Low, Jun., Esq., of 47, Ludgate Hill, is the Secretary, and will thankfully receive any contributions, or furnish information as to the operations of the Society.

Does not this narrative of Bill, the Fire-escape-man's dog, illustrate the important fact that KINDNESS TO ANIMALS IS REPAYED TEN-FOLD ?

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\* \* \* Since the above was written, poor BILL has died through injuries received at a fire.

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### An Interesting Sight.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us of an interesting incident constantly witnessed at the West-end. A gentleman, who takes a deep interest in preventing cruelty to the dumb, has a noble horse, with which he drives into town in the morning.



On arriving at his door, the servant makes his appearance, with a slice of bread in his hand, which, on being handed to his master, is soon transferred to the mouth of the beautiful horse.

The noble creature seems to have as much affection for his master, as he has for it. It is very amusing to see the horse, as regularly as clock-work, stretching out his head for the slice of bread, and, on receiving it, walking off most willingly to the stable. It would evidently be no slight punishment were he sent off to his quarters without this usual token of his master's affectionate regard. Little acts of kindness like this are not *lost* upon the brute creation. If all the owners of horses would act on this principle, there would be little need for whips and blows. These are often very unmercifully given to some of the noblest works of our great Creator.

The horse is a beautiful creature. He deserves to be well governed and well fed, for he is one of the most valuable servants that God has given to man. If my little reader should ever become the owner of a *pony*, it will, I hope, do credit to its possessor.



**"Dash."**

My aunt had once a favourite little dog, and a

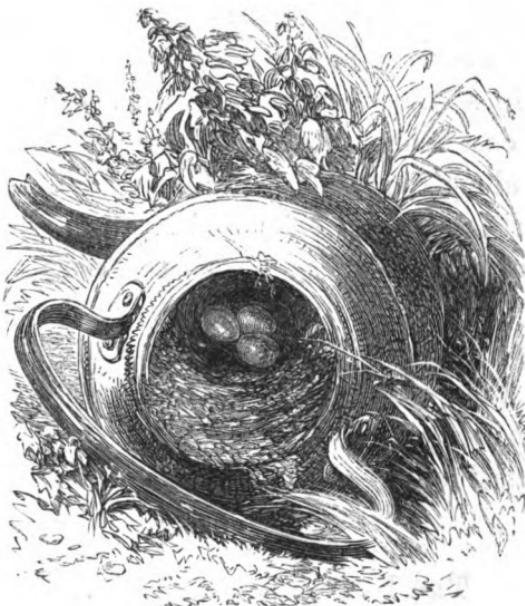
very pretty little fellow he was, with long curly hair, and two pretty ears, which lapped over his eyes. Dash was not one of those idle, snarling, snappish, over-fed “lap-dogs;” oh, no, but rather what we might call “a useful little pet.” Dash was useful in many little ways, but more especially in performing the part of an “errand boy.” My aunt would take Dash up in her lap, then pointing to a little basket on the floor, would say, “Pretty Dash, I want you to be so kind as to fetch me one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, &c., from the grocer.” As soon as she had said “grocer,” Dash would look up in her face and answer “Bow-wow,” meaning, of course, “Yes, yes.” He would then take the basket in his mouth, scamper down the street, bringing back the articles safe and sound. My young readers must not suppose that Dash really asked for the goods ; he only took the basket, in which was a slip of paper naming the articles wanted. The grocer generally served Dash as soon as he entered the shop, for this reason—

Dash did not like waiting, so that if the grocer did not perceive him, Dash would soon let him know, by setting up barking, to the annoyance of other customers. Dash was never found loitering along the street, like too many little boys and girls, when sent on errands. Little boys and girls, and big boys and girls too, may take a lesson from Dash, and always go willingly, quickly, and obediently. They will not only please their parents, but will feel a happy reward in their own breasts. GOD has promised to bless good and obedient children.—S. ADAMS.

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### The Nest and the Kettle.

THE fondness of some of our little songsters, and more especially the robin, for building in out-of-the-way places, is well known. We hear of them forming their nests in old boxes, hollow posts, large bells, and even in the lock of a gate. A few months ago, there was seen an old tea-kettle lying by the road side, near Welling-



borough. What do our readers think was inside this old kettle? Why, a pretty robin's nest! containing three eggs. We regret to state that the labourer, who found it on returning from work one evening, took it home, and thus left the poor little mother-bird in great sorrow. Mr. Hull, a gentleman who takes a great interest in

such curiosities, has kindly sent us a sketch of the old kettle and its beautiful contents. We are glad to have such a pretty picture for our young readers; but we think they will all join us in asking the friend who found the "old kettle," that if he should discover another such curiosity, he will leave it until the eggs are hatched—the young ones flown—and the nest deserted by the "little robin redbreast."

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### Sagacity of a Horse.

A VERY curious instance of sagacity in the horse came under observation lately in the crowded neighbourhood of Long-lane, Bermondsey. A cart-horse in harness, whilst its by no means careful keeper was solacing himself in a low public-house, started off at a pretty brisk trot down the lane. Happening to come to a group of children, one of whom, a baby not more than three years old, stumbled and fell, the animal deliberately stopped, placed the

child out of the way with his teeth, and continued his course as if nothing had occurred. But his philanthropic propensities did not stop here, for meeting with a similar group, he repeated the action ; after which, as if fearful of committing some mischief, he quietly suffered himself to be caught, and led back.

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### Cruelty Punished.

PASSING through the busy town of Sunderland, in the county of Durham, a short time since, a man was seen driving a poor horse, in a loaded cart, who, although over-wearied with his burden, he was still cruelly urging forward ; when a large Newfoundland dog, who had been intently watching them, as if disgusted with the inhumanity of the carter, sprung furiously at his neck, and would certainly have nearly killed him had he not been prevented. Truly they who exercise cruelty may not always go unpunished. Let us remember, “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”



### **Farmer Giles.**

THE village where good Farmer Giles lives is

separated from the railway by a range of hills, over which coals have to be "hauled" from the station to the village. The first time I saw Farmer Giles, he was bringing a load of coals up the hill, in his donkey cart. Some people would have beaten the poor donkey, to make it work harder, in toiling with its load up the steep hill; but Farmer Giles did no such thing. No. He let the donkey rest at the foot of the hill, and while the poor animal was standing, he fastened a stout rope to the cart, put the rope over his own shoulder, and Farmer Giles and the donkey pulled the cart up the hill together! I have respected Farmer Giles ever since. One day, when I was telling this incident to a neighbour, he said, "I have known Farmer Giles many years, and there is not a more worthy man in the parish. He has had hard work to get along, but I never heard him complain. I believe he would suffer any privation rather than be a burden to others." "*A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast.*"

**Kindness.**

“CAN you manage your donkey, my man, with-

out using a whip?" I inquired. "O yes, sir, Neddy needs no whip. I feed him well and treat him kindly, so he gives me no trouble. He knows where to call, as well as I do. He knows Saturday night as well as anybody. He has no work to do on Sunday; that's *his* rest-day, as well as *mine*. If donkeys were *rightly* used, sir, they would rarely want a whip."

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### Cruelty.

"Do you see," said a gentleman, "that cruel young man there, abusing that poor over-burdened donkey? Mark my words, *he* will come to no good end. Long observation leads me to affirm, that those who act with wanton cruelty towards animals, generally suffer severely in their own bodies: a judgment seems to follow them even in *this life*. How many lame, crippled, and club-footed men are there to be found amongst those who have had to do with horses, donkeys, and cattle? Let those who desire to

test this matter, examine the records of the cases admitted to our hospital and workhouse wards!"



**A Word for the Ass.**

WHEN I pass upon the highway a poor overburdened ass, crouching alike from want and weariness under a heavy load, altogether disproportioned to its strength, and mark its brutal driver beating it with a bludgeon on its head and loins, until the miserable creature, half frantic with agony and bewilderment, knows not which way to turn, and falls down, to seek rest in death, and lies insensible as a dead thing to the storm of infuriated blows with which the human monster in vain endeavours to goad it on its legs again;—when some sympathizing passer-by ventures an appeal to him, and is met with a volley of oaths and abuse, during which interval at least the animal is at peace ;—oh ! when I have marked the patient and forgiving look, and the big tear, like a man's tear, gently falling down the creature's face, as if it would even weep meekly, lest its sorrow should exasperate its tyrant,—I have remembered **HIM**, who rode in His lowly majesty into Jerusalem

sitting upon an ass, and thought there was a day coming when His almighty power, that opened the mouth of an ass, "to rebuke the madness of the prophet," would make the memory of the wrongs of the dumb speak a fearful judgment to their oppressors.—*Rev. J. B. Owen.*

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CHARLOTTE JAMES, a little girl, was once sent by her parents for some bread : she was accompanied by a dog. Not returning in a reasonable time, a search was instituted, and continued during the whole of three days, without success. At length one of the searchers, being accompanied by a dog, strayed away several miles, when his attention was attracted by the barking of another dog. He hastened to the spot, and found the lost child, and her faithful dog beside her. The little thing had slept with the dog at night, to keep herself warm. The place where she was found was eight miles distant from her home.



### Cure for a Vicious Horse.

A FRIEND of mine went to Tattersall's, and bought a horse for about £15, one of the most beautiful horses that could be seen ; but it had been so cruelly trained by careless persons, and so ill-treated in the stable and in harness by thoughtless grooms, that its temper became

sullen and savage : it destroyed many carriages, and consequently was sent to be sold for any money it would fetch. Originally worth perhaps £200, its value had gone down to £15 ! My friend who purchased it felt persuaded that if he only applied to this horse those principles of training which he had read of as being applied to Arabian horses, and of which the American gentleman, so well known (Mr. Rarey) has given us many striking examples, he might develope the good qualities of the animal so long dormant, subdue his terrible wrath, and eventually drive him in harness from his country residence to town. He set to work. He attempted the difficult task ; he fed the horse himself, and took the greatest care of him. He gently led him with his hands and voice, exercising over him a sort of mesmeric influence. Atfirst the horse looked at him with blood-shot eye and angry countenance ; his nostrils were dilated ; his whole frame shook with nervous irritability. By degrees all this passed away ; the animal

grew fond of his master: my friend was just as much attached to him. I confess that when he proposed to drive me to London with that horse, I mounted the chaise with some trepidation. Here was this mighty stepping animal, going in and out among cabs, omnibuses, and the multifarious vehicles of our metropolitan streets, and we had, above all, to pass over London Bridge at its busiest hour of traffic; up went the ears of the noble steed, and the result appeared hazardous; but the master gently whispered words of encouragement, and reassured him; it was a voice that he had heard *in the stable*,—it was the voice of friendship: the intelligent animal seemed to own the power of his humane driver, and took us within an inch of this wheel and that wheel, with beautiful precision, and at last landed us exactly where we would be, without the slightest accident. And I would say to you, “Go ye in this course, and do likewise.”—*Extract from a Speech by the Rev. T. Jackson, Rector of Stoke Newington.*



### **Bob, the Fireman's Dog.**

SHEW me where poor Bob is buried,  
I should like to see his grave,  
O'er his lowly bed to ponder  
On the actions of the brave.

Is there no small mound above it?  
Nor a stone to mark the spot?  
Come then children, hear my story,  
Bob must never be forgot,

Why he chose this hard profession  
None can say, as he was mute:  
But, may be, he'd often noticed  
Man more selfish than the brute.

And, like other noble natures,  
Bound to do, before they die,  
He resolved to leave behind him,  
Noble deeds to guide them by.

Or, more likely, in the centre  
Of his great and kindly heart,  
Royal laws of truth were written  
From which he could not depart.

Let us watch him at his duty—  
And your full attention lend—  
For we all may take a lesson  
From poor Bob the Fireman's Friend.

At the Station is his dwelling,  
Where, both night and day, there stand  
Horses harnessed, engines ready  
For the dauntless Fireman's hand.

Bob is sleeping. Hark ! the Firebell !  
And the sound of hurrying feet ;  
Up he springs, and in a moment  
Stands out waiting in the street.

For he knows, that something, somewhere,  
Will demand his utmost powers,  
And that speed, is pity's angel,  
When the moments count for hours.

Wags his tail with frank approval  
As the men come mustering in,  
All prepared like him for action,  
All resolved like him to win.

Scarce contain'd his joyous spirit  
As they bring the engine round,  
And the great high-mettled horses  
Start away with eager bound.

Yes, he loves those trampling horses,  
Dashing on with steady power,  
Hasting to the place of danger.  
And he clears the way before.

Glad the Firemen hear him barking,  
With his fine inspiring call,  
He and they are old companions,  
Bob is brother to them all.

It is night, and men are sleeping ;  
Fire ! is cried—they sleep again,  
And they dream of men that perish ;  
Bob is gone to save those men.

Crackling flames are round about him ;  
Cries of terror rend the skies,  
Men aghast, stand pale and trembling,  
Bob is active, brave, and wise.

On, through fire, and through the smother,  
Through the struggle and the strife,  
Bob and Braidwood work together,  
Risking all for human life.

And they conquer,—life is rescued,—  
Now the brave Brigade retire ;  
Seizing just a moment's respite  
From their conflict with the fire.

Where is Bob ?—they hear him barking  
With a call his comrades know,  
And again the men rush forward,  
Bravely, through the scorching glow.

By a narrow sideway entry,  
He is waiting, undismayed.  
Something cries behind a doorway,  
And he calls to them for aid.

“Burst the door !” It splits asunder,  
There, alone, with terror wild,  
They behold a little maiden—  
Bob has saved that little child.

Does he wait for praise and honour ?  
Cares he for the victor's crown ?  
No ; he licks the little maiden—  
She is safe—he lays him down.

Fire!—again, all hearts are failing,  
Booming thunders roar within,  
Sulphurous smoke, and tumbling houses,  
Swell the danger, and the din.

Now the dauntless captain pauses,  
“All the lives are safe, they say,  
Risk not yours too rashly comrades,  
For a moment stand away.”

Back they fall,—Bob rushes forward,  
He has heard a frantic cry,  
And he knows it in a moment,  
For his mortal enemy.

Mewing, mewing, wild, distracted,  
In her fiery prison penned,  
All around the flames advancing;  
Puss has not a single friend.

“Shall she perish in the furnace?”  
Does this noble dog inquire?  
No; forgetting ancient malice,  
He will seek her through the fire.



Up the ladder in a moment,  
Through a window, out of sight,  
He pursues his flying captive,  
On, from fiery flight to flight.

Sorely grieved, his comrades watch him,  
“ Ah, poor Bob, he'll come no more,  
All are safe, why should he perish  
In a fruitless search for more ?”

Still they linger—then, despairing,  
They begin to turn away—  
One more look—the dog is coming !  
Brave old Bob ! hurra ! hurra !

In his mouth, with tenderest pity,  
A poor tabby cat he bore—  
Conquering prejudice, and passion—  
What could man himself do more ?



Oh, good Bob ; he had his mission  
In our selfish world of crime—  
Teaching virtue, by example,  
Unto this, and future time.

Night and day, in summer, winter,  
Rain or tempest, hail or snow,  
Let there come a call for succour,  
Bob is always fit to go.

Honest, faithful, brave, forgiving,—  
Oh, dear children, are you such !—  
Cheerful, patient, unpresuming,  
Claiming little, giving much.

One kind word repays his service—  
Speaking tail and ears confess  
Thoughts that need no written language,  
Joy, no language can express.

But there came his day for dying,—  
*That*, must surely come to all,—  
At his post the message met him,  
Speeding forth at duty's call.

---

Hasting to the field of battle—  
Full of noble deeds he fell—  
Deeds, that mercy loves to blazon,  
As she bids poor Bob “farewell.”

MRS. SEWELL.

\* \* \* For accounts of this wonderful dog, and the important services which he rendered to the London Firemen, see the *Band of Hope Review* for May 1859, and October 1860.

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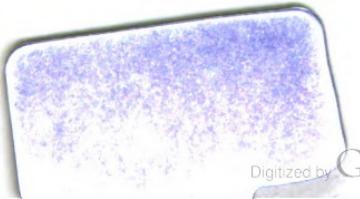
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